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THE BLUE AND GRAY ABOVE THE RED.

When the mad passions of the war that ought to have been over a decade ago are sought to be again aroused by Blaine and other Republican leaders who flaunt the shirt of sanguinary hue, in the National House of Representatives, it is good time to publish this:

"O mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears:
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the snowy brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did *they* mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue;
The other one, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue lost a leg,
The other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn, and weary and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battle in days gone by—
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,
And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farm yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright, and their hearts seemed warm,
With fighting their battles o'er.
And parting at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each called on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven—
How they knelt at her side, and, lisping, prayed,
"Our Father which art in Heaven;"
How one wore the gray and the other the blue,
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to a land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue;
"The blue and the gray are colors of God;
They are seen in the sky at even;
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to Heaven."

THE LAW-SUIT.

How an Old Farmer Lost his Daughter.

'I tell you what it is, gal,' said old Mr. Lippe to his daughter Susan, 'I'm determed never to hev a edicated feller for my son-in-law; that's a fixed fact.'

'But, father,' said Susan, 'education don't make or unmake a man any more than riches do. It's the soul, the principle, that constitutes a man.'

'Very true, Susan,' rejoined daddy Lippe, 'and I've found precious little principle in college bred fellers. I tell you that I've got along well enough, and allus made my mark.' As the old man said this his eye roved out of the window over his broad and well improved farm with a look of self satisfaction.

Susan's father was no exception to men of his class, who when they imbibe an idea, are big headed in their adherence to it. Susan understood this trait of her father's and letting the argument drop relapsed into silence.

While old Mr. Lippe entertained such notions of letters, and by the way was always taking pains to inform everybody concerning them, he had deviated somewhat with respect to his only child Susan, who had improved the advantages bestowed by an excellent school, situated in a small village adjoining her father's farm. Her mind, too, being naturally of a studious cast, she had stored it with an unusually large amount of information which displayed itself in refined conversation and well bred vivacity of manners. To these graces of the intellect was combined a beautiful person, and as a matter of consequence, her hand was the coveted prize of more than one young man in the neighborhood.

To the blandishments of the sterner sex, however, Susan turned a deaf ear. The young Stanhopes loved her father's broad acres full as well as they did his daughter, who, with the quick instinct of a woman, penetrated the shallowness of their protestations of love. Besides there was a young lawyer who had entered suit for her heart, and won his case, while teaching school a short time previous to his admission to the bar. It would not have been singular if the daughter of obstinate Lippe had not been equally obstinate in the constancy of her affection for Henry Coverdale, the young attorney.

Of his attachment, however, daddy Lippe was blissfully ignorant. He had never seen young Coverdale, and that young gentleman being well aware of the antipathies of his contemplated father-in-law towards schoolmasters and their ilk, prudently refrained from visiting Susan at her home. The accommodations of the house of a maternal aunt of Susan's were vouchsafed them, her uncle, the harness maker, rather liking, than otherwise, their clandestine visits. In this way the lovers managed to keep the fire on the altar of their hearts fanned to a bright flame. The impatient Coverdale desired to bring his suit to an issue, but the dutiful Susan would not consent to an elopement. With the hope of modifying her sire's views on the subject of education, she had introduced the theme, with what success is recorded above.

That night, after family prayers, quite an animated colloquy took place between Susan's parents. The door of Susan's chamber being ajar, she became an innocent listener to the conversation, which, as it concerned herself alone, proved rather interesting. Mother L. was in Susan's secret and favored it with all her might.

'Now, old man,' said she, as that functionary was covering up the fire, that last thing before going to bed, 'tis downright mean in you to oppose Susan's ijees about learning. I'm sot not to hev any ignorant scalawag rooting round after my darter.'

'I rule this roost,' responded daddy Lippe.

'And I'll make the roost for you, rejoined the dame. 'Times ain't now what they was when we was youngsters. Just think of mating Susan to Mat. Awl; or yet to Chris. Gabby, who has about as much of an ijee of books as a hog has of meetin.'

'There's no mite of use argufying about it, old woman; I'm sot.'

'And so am I,' replied the irate dame; 'and we'll see who'll sit to the most purpose. If Susan can't marry the kind of a man she wants to, she can stay at home, and that's the end of it.'

With this clincher Mother Lippe turned her face to the wall, and refused to say another word.

In the meantime, Henry Coverdale was gradually winning his way to eminence. The results of his efforts also began to flow in upon him in a golden stream. Yet, still he remained a bachelor, though many wondered. Still there were no signs of old Mr. Lippe relaxing in the least from his views on education.

However, things were destined to shape themselves entirely different to what a mere observer might reasonably expect.

This grew out of Coverdale's love for Susan which now assumed the cast of impatience.

One day a young man in homespun garb presented himself at the house of old Mr. Lippe and inquired if he wanted to hire a hand on the farm.

The old farmer eyed him for some moments and finding him remarkably well favored and knit together, said:

'Where are you from?'

'I live at Monroe, when at home,' replied the young man.'

'Raised on a farm?'

'Yes, sir.'

'About how much do you want a month?'

'Whatever you think is right.'

'You'll never get along in the world, unless you, drive a better bargain than that,' said Mr. Lippe. 'You shall work a month for fifteen dollars, and after that, if we suit one another, we'll bargain for a year.'

'Agreed,' said the young man, and was forthwith installed as a hired hand.

As the reader guesses, the hand was none other than Harry Coverdale, who had commenced to put into operation a plan to gain the old man's consent to his union with Susan.

Time wagged along. Old Lippe was mightly pleased with his hired hand, and often praised him to the women folks. Indeed, he looked with a degree of complacency on his attentions to Susan, which began to be marked, and Coverdale was on the point of popping the question, when a circumstance caused him to postpone it for a short season. The circumstance was as follows:

The farm of Mr. Lippe was a part of a tract, the title of which had formerly been in dispute, though it was indeed and in equity his. Just at this time one of those land sharks that infest the country raked up a worthless claim, and entered suit for possession.

This proceeding was so obviously absurd and rascally, that Mr. Lippe merely laughed at it, although at the advice of his hired hand he appeared at court to refute the claim; supposing, however, that his bare word would be all sufficient to dispose of the scoundrel of a land shark. His hired hand also concluded to lose the day and go with him, in order, he said, "to see what a Judge and court were like.'

Old Mrs. Lippe and Susan accompanied them for the purpose of making some purchases, as they could get better bargains in town.

The conversation of the family had placed Henry Coverdale in full possession of the facts in the case, and he had manifested such an interest in the affair, and appeared to be so anxious as to the result, that the old man was not astonished at seeing him enter the bar and take a chair by his side. He noticed also, that his dame and Susan were among the spectators in the court room.

The case was called, and the lawyer for the plaintiff arose and made out so plausible a statement that it enraged the old man dreadfully, so much so that he could scarcely contain himself until the lawyer concluded.

The moment he sat down the old man sprang to his feet.

"See here," he exclaimed, "Here are deeds, and every man in this court room knows me well enough to know that I never got them by rascality, or claimed more than what was justly mine."

'All this may be true,' replied the judge, 'but the court demands legal proof, relative to the points at issue. I presume you have an attorney, Mr. Lippe.'

'Never said a word to a single one. I never thought it worth whil ,' said the old man, perfectly aghast at the turn matters were taking.

At this stage Lippe's hired hand rose to his feet.

'May it please the court, I will undertake the case for Mr. Lippe,' said he.

'A pretty case you'll make of it,' said the old man. 'You can plow corn a wonderful sight better.'

'I assure Mr. Lippe that Mr. Coverdale is perfectly competent to the task,' said the judge, who was well acquainted with the young lawyer, and who, though ignorant of his present relations, fancied he smelt a joke in the actions of the parties.

'Mebbe your honor is right,' said Mr. Lippe; 'but a plague take me if you don't find him a likely sight better farm hand than lawyer.'

A general titter ran around the bar.

The suit proceeded. The young attorney having previously mastered the whole ground, entered into the merit with such force and clearness as astonished even the court. But how shall we print the surprise of old Mr. Lippe! It took him by storm. At every word of the young lawyer he seemed to distend with astonishment, until his amazement was something so ridiculously appalling as to convulse the entire audience with laughter. Peal after peal resounded, and even the fat sides of the judge, forgetting their gravity, seemed ready to shake to pieces with merriment.

'Who, who, are you?' at last gasped the old man.

'Sit down, Mr. Lippe,' said Coverdale, 'I am attending to the case.' Then stopping he whispered in his ear; 'I am trying to earn Susan.'

'She's yours,' shouted the old man regardless of the bystanders, or the court, which having now an inkling of the matter, gave loose rein to their jubilant feelings. How Susan felt, however, can be better imagined than described. She blushed like one of her mother's peonies, and hastily hid her face in her veil.

When the merriment had subsided and old Lippe had secured his equanimity, the happy attorney proceeded, and finally made so clear a case for his involuntary client, as caused the judge to dismiss the suit. The old man left the court in triumph, and with his hired hand, proceeded forthwith to the ordinary's office, where a license was procured. The judge gave the court a short recess and united the happy pair in the bonds of matrimony.

Since that event, Mr. Lippe has changed his views on educational matters.

HUMOR IN NEWSPAPERS.

There is a great difference between American and English newspapers. The latter, while aiming to be truthful, dignified and impersonal, are heavy and dull. The American journals, while going the whole length in news-gathering enterprise, find space for "spice,' and nearly all have their little "squibs" in the editorial columns, and departments of light paragraphs, original and selected, with some such head as "Odds and Ends," "All Sorts," "Chaff," "Frivolites," "Varieties," "Jocosities," or "Fun." Our weeklies especially devote a fair share of space to the "rich" things that are "going the rounds," and many of them give in each issue a column of humerous paragraphs as productive of healthful mirth as a first-class comedy.

I believe the American newspapers do no great harm by making their readers smile; but if it is an offense so to do, it is one of which the English press is seldom guilty. True, the English have their humorous papers, such as Punch, Judy and Fun, which occasionally "get off good things," but, take them one day with another, they are very grave compared with the American humorous papers. If you pay threepence for Punch, and if you get your "threepenny 'orth" of fun out of it, you certainly get a dollar's worth of the article out of a ten-cent American humorous paper.

I have been led to make these comparisons because an English gentleman not long since saw fit to inform me that the papers "at 'home" were incomparably superior to the American papers, adding, in a bantering way:

"Why, in England, we laugh at the American papers!"

Upon the suggestion that probably they did "laugh at our *humorous* papers, which was more than he could do at the English humorous papers," he manifested a lively disposition to change the subject, and exhibited a sudden and wonderful interest in the weather, which he remarked was "bloody hot."—*Secrets of the Sanctum.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Live this day as if the last.—Bishop Kerr.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—Hazlitt.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.

A book may be as great a thing as a battle.—Disraeli.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boisle.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.—Cowley.

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—Smollett.

The proud are always most provoked by pride.—Young.

God has commanded time to console the unhappy.—Joubert.

Man, man is thy brother, and thy father is God.—Lamartine.

Common sense is nature's gift, but reason is an art.—Beattie.

Be charitable and indulgent to every one but yourself.—Joubert.

Getting into debt is getting into a tanglesome net.—Franklin.

The great hope of society is individual character.—Channing.

A learned man is a tank; a wise man is a spring.—W. R. Alger.

That which God writes on thy forehead thou wilt come to.—Koran.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—Johnson.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

Charity is an eternal debt, 'and without limit.—Pasquier Quesnel.

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Haliburton.

It is fruition and not possession that renders us happy.—Montaigne.

Enjoy your life without comparing it with that of another.—Condorcet.

Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.—T. W. Higginson.

Apt words have power to suage the tumors of a troubled mind.—Milton.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

Difficulties strengthen the mind, as well as labor does the body.—Seneca.

The scenes of childood are the memories of future years.—J. O. Choules.

A court is an assemblage of noble and distinguished beggars.—Talleyrand.

If country life is healthful to the body, it is no less so to the mind.—Ruffini.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm.—Colton.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.—Rochefoucauld.

If we survive danger, it steels our courage more than anything else.—Niebuhr.

Regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears —Cato.

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.—Shakspeare.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.—Johnson.

Dew-drops are the gems of the morning, but the tears of mournful eve.—Coleridge.

In times of anarchy, one may seem a despot, in order to be a savior.—Mirabeau.

The real object of the drama is the exhibition of the human character.—Macaulay.

A prince wants only the pleasure of private life to complete his happiness.—Bruyere.

Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competitors.—Emerson.

How can we explain the perpetuity of envy, a vice which yields no return.—Balzac.

He who knows not how to dissimulate knows not how to rule.—Metellus of Macedon.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall.—Cowper.